THE
Counter-Scuffle.

Written by *R. S.* G. York

Whereunto is added

The IRISH ENTERTAINMENT,

Writtten by *W.* & *G.*

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DIX.

Dublin 1693(2)

The Counter-Scuffle.

LEt that Majeſtick Pen that writes
of brave K. *Arthur* and his Knights,
And of their noble feats and fights;
And thoſe who tell of mice and frogs,
And of the Skirmiſhes of hogs,
And of fierce *Bears* and maſtive dogs,
be ſilent.
And now let each one liſten well,
While I the famous Battel tell
In *Woodſtreet-Counter* that befel
in high Lent.
In which great *Scuffle* only twain
Without much hurt, or being ſlain,
Immortal Honour did obtain
by merit.
One was a *Captain* in degree,
A ſtrong and luſty man was he,
T'other a *Trades-man* bold and free
of ſpirit.
And tho he was no man of force,
He had a ſtomach like a Horſe,
And in his rage had no remorſe
or pitty.

And full nimbly could he cuff and clout,
And was accounted, without doubt,
One of the prettieſt ſparks about
the City

And at his weapon any way
He could perform a ſingle fray
Even from the long Pike to the *Tay-*
lors Bodki
He reckt not for his fleſh a jot,
He fear'd not *Engliſh-man* nor *Scot*,
For *man* or *monſter* car'd he not
a Dodki

For fighting was his recreation,
And like a man in deſperation,
For *Law*, *Edict*, or *Proclamation*
he car'd not
And in his anger (cauſe being given)
To lift his hand 'gainſt good Sir *Steven*,
Or any *Juſtice* under Heaven,
he fear'd no
He durſt his enemy withſtand,
Or at *Tergoos* or *Calis*-Sand,
And bravely there with Sword in hand
would greet him
And noble *Ellis* was his name,
Who 'mong his foes to purchaſe fame,
Not cared though the Devil came
to meet him

And this brave *Goldſmith* was the man
Who firſt this worthy Brawl began,
Which after ended in a Can
of mild Beer.
But had you ſeen him when he fought,
How eagerly for blood he ſought,
There's no man but would have him *thought*
a wild Bear
Imagine now you ſee a ſcore
Of mad-cap Gentlemen, or more,
Boys that did uſe to royſt and rore,
and ſwagger.
Among the which were three or four
That rul'd themſelves by wiſdoms lore,
Whoſe very Grandſires ſcarcely wore
a Dagger.
A *Prieſt* and *Lawyer*, men will read
In wiping ſpoons, and chipping bread,
And falling too, ſhort Grace being ſed,
full roundly
Whoſe hungry maws no Sallets need
Good appetites therein to breed,
Their ſtomacks without ſauce could feed
profoundly.
'Twas ill that men of ſober diet,
Who lov'd to fill their guts in quiet,
Were plac'd with *Ruffins* that to riot
were given.

And

And (O great grief!) even from their food
(Their ſtomachs too being ſtrong and good)
And that ſweet place whereon it ſtood
be driven.

But here 'tis fitting I repeat
What food our dainty priſoners eat
But if in placing of the meat
and diſhes,

From curious order I do ſwerve,
'Tis that themſelves did none obſerve,
For which nor fleſh they did deſerve,
nor Fiſhes.

But ſome (perhaps) will ſay that Lent
Affords them not what here is meant,
So much, ſo good; and that they went
without it.

'Tis like: but if I add a diſh,
Or twain, or three, of Fleſh or Fiſh,
They either had, or did it wiſh,
ne'r doubt it.

Then wipe your mouths, while I declare
The goodneſs of this Lenten fare,
Which is in priſon very rare,
I tell ye.

Furmity as ſweet as any *nut*, *the ſupper.*
As good as ever ſwill'd a gut,
And butter ſweet as e're was put
in belly.

Eggs by the dozen, new and good,
Which in white Salt uprightly ſtood,
And meats which heat and ſtir the blood
to action.
As butter'd *Crabs*, and *Lobſters* red,
Which ſend the married pair to bed,
And in looſe bloods have often bred
a faction.
Fiſh butter'd to the platters brim,
And Parſnips did in butter ſwim,
Strew'd o're with Pepper neat and trim,
ſalt Sammon.
Smelts cry'd, come eat me, do not ſtay;
Freſh-Cod and *Maids* full neatly lay,
And next to theſe a luſty *Ba-*
con Gammon.
Stuck thick with cloves upon the back,
Well ſtufft with Sage, and for the ſmack,
Daintily ſtrew'd with Pepper black,
Sous'd Gurnet,
Pickrel, Sturgeon, Tench and *Trout,*
Meat far too good for ſuch a rout
To tumble, toſs, and throw about,
and ſpurn it.
The next a *Neats-Tongue* neatly dry'd,
Muſtard and *Sugar* by his ſide,
Roches butter'd, *Flounders* fry'd,
hot *Cuſtard.*

Eeels

Eels boyl'd and broyl'd; and next they bring
Herring, that is the Fiſhes king,
And then a Courtly *Poul* of *Ling*
and *Muſtard*.
But ſtay, I had almoſt forgot
The fleſh which ſtill ſtands piping hot,
Some from the ſpit, ſome from the pot
new taken:
A ſhoulder and a leg of *Mutton*,
As good as ever knife was put on,
Which never were by a true Glutton
forſaken,
A Loyn of *Veal* that would have dar'd
One of the ſtouteſt of the *Guard*,
And they ſometimes will feed full hard,
like tall men,
And ſuch as love the luſty *Chine*;
But when that I ſhall ſup or dine,
God grant they be no *Gueſts* of mine
of all men.
Thus the deſcriptions are compleat,
Which I have made of men and meat:
Mars aid me now while I repeat
the battel.
Where pots and ſtools were us'd as gins
To break each others heads and ſhins,
Where blows did make bones in their skins
to rattle;
Where

Where men to madneſs never ceaſt
Till each (furious as a beaſt)
Had ſpoyl'd the faſhion of a feaſt
full dainty;
VVhereon (had they not been accurſt)
They might have fed till bellies burſt:
But *Ellis* ſhew'd himſelf the worſt
of twenty.
For he began this monſtrous braul,
Which afterwards incens'd them all
To throw the meat about the Hall
that even.
And now give ear unto the jar
That fell between theſe men of war,
Wherein ſo many a harmleſs skar
was given.
The Board thus furniſht, each man ſate,
Some fell to feeding, ſome to prate,
'Mong whom a jarring queſtion ſtrait
was riſen.
For they grew hotly in diſpute
VVhat Calling was of moſt repute;
'Twas well their wits were ſo acute
in priſon.
VVhile they diſcours'd, the Parſon blythe
Fed as he meant to have the tythe
Of every diſh, being ſharp as ſythe
in feeding

But hake had almoſt made him choke,
Or elſe (perhaps) he would have ſpoke
In praiſe of his long threed-bare cloke
and breeding.
But after a delib'rate pauſe,
The *Lawyer* ſpoke, as he had cauſe,
In commendation of the *Laws*
profeſſion.
The *Law* (quoth he) by a juſt doom
Doth cenſure all that to it come,
*A*nd ſtill defends the innocent from
oppreſſion.
*I*t favours truth, it curbs the hope
Of Vice; it gives allegiance ſcope,
Provides a gallows and a rope
for treaſon.
This doth the *Law*, and this is it
VVhich makes us here in priſon ſit,
Which grounded is on holy writ
and reaſon.
To which all men muſt ſubject be,
*A*s we by daily proof do ſee,
From higheſt to the low'ſt degree;
the Scholar,
Noble and rich it doth ſubdue,
The ſouldier and his ſwaggering crew:
But at that word the Captain grew
in cholar.

But

He look'd full grim, and at firſt word
Rapt out an Oath that ſhook the board,
And ſtruck his fiſt, that the ſound roar'd
like thunder;
It made all skip that ſtood him near,
The frighted *Cuſtard* quak'd for fear,
And thoſe that heard it, ſtricken were
with wonder;
Nought did he now but frown and puff,
And having ſtar'd, and ſwore enough,
Thus he began in language rough,
tho cogging,
Baſe foyſting *Lawyer*, that doſt ſet
Thy mind on nothing, but to get
Thy living by thy damned pet-
tifogging.
A Slave, that ſhall for half a Crown,
With Buckram Bag, and dagled Gown,
VVait like a Dog about the Town,
and follow
A buſineſs on the Devil's part,
For Fees, tho not with Law nor *Art*,
But head as empty as thy heart
is hollow;
You ſtay at home and pocket Fees,
VVhile we abroad our bloods do leeſe,
And then with ſuch baſe terms as theſe
you wrong us;

But

But Lawyer, it is safer far
For thee to prattle at a Bar,
Than once to shew thy face i'th'war
among us;
VVhere to defend such thankless Hinds,
The Souldier little quiet finds,
But is expos'd to stormy winds
and weathers,
And oft in Blood he wades full deep,
Your throats from forreign Swords to keep,
And wakes when you securely sleep
in feathers.
What could your Laws and Statutes do
*A*gainst invasions of a Foe,
Did not the valiant Souldier go
to quell 'em?
*A*nd to prevent your further harms,
VVith Ensign, Fife, and loud alarms
Of warlike Drum, by force of arms
repell 'em?
Your Trespass-*A*ction will not stand,
For setting foot upon your Land,
When they in scorn of your command
come hither:
No remedy in Court of *Pouls*,
In *Common-Pleas*, or in the *Rouls*,
For jouling of your *jobbernouls*
together
VVer't

VVer't not for us, thou *Swad* (quoth he)
VVhere wouldst thou fog to get a fee?
But to defend such things as thee
'tis pity.

For such as thou esteem us least,
Who ever have been ready prest
To guard you and your *Cuckoes* nest,
the City.

That very word made *Ellis* start,
And all his blood ran to his heart;
He shook, and quak'd in every part
with anger:

He lookt as if nought might asswage
The heat of his enflamed rage;
His very countenance did presage
some danger.

A Cuckoes nest? quoth he, and so
He humm'd, and held his full low,
As if distracted thoughts did o-
verpress him.

At length, quoth he, my Mother sed,
At *Bristow* she was brought-a-bed,
And there was *Ellis* born and bred,
(God bless him.)

Of *London* City I am free,
And there I first my *Wife* did see,
And for that very cause, quoth he,
I love it.

And

And he that calls it *Cuckoes* neſt,
Except he ſays he ſpeaks in jeſt,
He is a Villain and a Beaſt,
I'll prove it:
This I'll maintain, nor do I care
Tho Captain *Pot-gun* ſtamp and ſtare,
And ſwagger, ſwear, and tear his hair
in fury;
And with the hazard of my blood
I'll fight up to the knees in mud,
But I will make my quarrel good,
aſſure ye.

For tho I am a man of trade,
And free of *London* City made,
Yet can I uſe, *Gun*, *Bill* and *Blade*
in battel;
And Citizens, if need require,
Themſelves can force the Foe retire,
What-ever this *Low-Countrey* Squire
do prattle,
For we have Souldiers of our own,
Able enough to guard the Town,
And Captains of moſt fair renown
about it;
If any Foe ſhould fight amain,
And ſet on us with all his train,
We'll make him to retire again,
ne'r doubt it.

We

VVe have fought well in dangers paſt,
And will do while our lives do laſt,
VVithout the help of any caſt
Commanders
That hither come, compell'd by want,
VVith ruſty Swords, and Suits provant,
From *Utrick*, *Numigen*, or *Gaunt*
in *Flanders*:
The *Captain* could no longer hold,
But looking fiercely, plainly told
The Citizen, he was too bold,
and call'd him
Proud Boy, and for his ſawcy ſpeech
Did vow ſhortly to whip his breech:
Then *Ellis* ſnatch't the pot, with which
The Scuffle. he mall'd him.
He threw the Jugg, and therewithal
Did give the *Captain* ſuch a maul
As made him thump againſt the wall
his crupper.
VVith that the *Captain* took a diſh
That ſtood brim-full of butter'd Fiſh,
As good as any heart could wiſh
to Supper:
And as he threw, his foot did ſlide,
VVhich turn'd his arm and diſh aſide,
And all be-butterfiſhifide
Nick Ballat:
And

And he (good man) did none diſeaſe;
But ſitting quiet, and at his eaſe,
With butter'd *Roches* thought to pleaſe
his palat.
But when he felt the wrong he had,
He rag'd and ſwore, and grew ſtark mad;
Some in the room been better had
without him;
For he took hold of any thing;
And firſt he caught the *Poul* of *Ling*,
Which he couragiouſly did fling
about him.
Out of his hand it flew apace,
And hit the *Lawyer* in the face,
Who at the board in higheſt place
was ſeated.
And as the *Lawyer* thought to riſe,
The ſalt was thrown into his eyes,
Which him of ſight in woful wiſe
defeated.
All things near hand, *Nick Ballat* threw;
At length his butter'd *Roches* flew,
And hit by chance among the crew,
the Parſon.
The ſauce his Coat did all bewet,
The *Prieſt* began to fume and fret,
The Seat was butter'd which he ſet
his——on
H

He knew not what to do or say,
It was in vain to *Preach* or *Pray*,
Or cry, *You are all gone astray*,
good people;
He might as well go strive to teach
Divinity beyond his reach;
Or when the *Bells* ring out, go preach
i'th'Steeple:
At this mischance the silly man
Out of the Room would fain have ran,
And very angerly began
to mutter.
Ill luck had he, for after that
One threw the *Parsnips* full of fat;
Which stuck like *Broaches* in his Hat
with butter:
Out of the place he soon repairs,
And ran half headlong down the stairs,
And made complaint to Mr. *Aires*
with crying.
Up ran he to know the matter,
And found how they the things did scatter,
Here a Trencher, there a Platter
were lying:
I dare not say he stunk for wo,
Nor will, unless I did it know;
But some there be that dare say so,
that smelt him;

Nor could ye blame him if he did,
For they threw diſhes at his head,
*A*nd did with eggs and loaves of bread
bepelt him
He thruſt himſelf into the throng,
*A*nd us'd the vertue of his tongue;
But what could one mans words among
ſo many?
The candles all were ſhuffled out,
The Vittels flew afreſh about;
Was never ſuch a combat fought
by any.
Now in the dark was all the coyl;
Some were bloody in the broyl,
And ſome were ſteept in *Sallet-Oyl*
and Muſtard.
The ſight would make a man afear'd:
*A*nother had a butter'd bear'd,
*A*nothers face was all beſmear'd
with *Cuſtard.*
Others were daub'd up to the knee
VVith butter'd *Fiſh* and *Furmity*;
And ſome the men could ſcarcely ſee
that beat 'em.
Under the board *Lluellin lay*,
*B*eing ſore frighted with the fray
And as the weapons flew that way
Will. Lluelin *a priſoner there, ſometime Keeper.* he eat 'em
The

The bread ſtuck in the windows *all*,
Like *bullets* in a *Caſtle-wall*,
VVhich furious foes did ſeek to *ſcale*
in *Battel*,
Shoulders of *Mutton*, and loyns of *Veal*
Appointed for to ſerve the meal,
About their ears full many a peal
did rattle;
The which, when *Owen Blany* ſpy'd,
Oh, take away their arms, he cry'd,
Leſt ſome great hurt do them betide,
One of the Under-Keepers prevent it.
And then the Knave away did ſteal
Of food that fell, no little deal,
And in his houſe at many a meal
he ſpent it.
The Captain ran the reſt among,
As eager to revenge the wrong
Done by the pot which *Ellis* flung
ſo ſtoutly:
And angry *Ellis* ſought about
To find the furious Captain out;
At length they met, and then they fought
devoutly.
Now being met, they never lin,
Till with their loud robuſtious din
The room and all that was therein
did rumble.

Inſtead of weapons made of ſteel,
The Captain took a ſalted Eel,
And at each blow made *Ellis* reel
and tumble.

Ellis a *Pippin-pye* had got,
A ſorer weapon than the pot;
For lo, the apples being hot
did ſcald him.

The Captain laid about him ſtill,
As if he would poor *Ellis* kill,
And with his Eel with a good will
he mall'd him.

At length, quoth he, *Ellis* thou art
A Fellow of a couragious heart,
Yield now, and I will take take thy part
hereafter.

Quoth *Ellis*, much I ſcorn to hear
Thy words of threat, being free from fear;
With which he hardly could forbear
from Laughter.

Together then afreſh they fly,
The *Eel* againſt the *Pippin-pye*:
But *Blaney* ſtood there purpoſely
to watch 'em.

The weapons wherewithal they fought,
Were thoſe for which he chiefly ſought,
And with an eager ſtomack thought
to catch 'em.

But ſcap't not now ſo well away
As at the *Veal* and *Mutton* fray;
He thought to have with ſuch a prey
his jaws fed:
But all his hope did turn aſide,
He lookt for that which luck deny'd,
For *Ellis* all be-pippin-py'd
his Calves-head.
Wo was the caſe he now was in,
The hot apples did ſcald his skin;
His skul as it had rotten been
did quoddle.
With that one fool among the rout
Made out-cry all the houſe about
That *Blaney*'s Brains were beaten out
his noddle:
Which *Lockwood* hearing, needs would ſee
*W*hat all that coyl and ſtir might be
*A*nd up the ſtairs his guts and he
went wadling.
A Turnkey, Fat Fellow.
But when he came the chamber near,
Behind the door he ſtood to hear;
For in he durſt not come for fear
of ſwadling:
There ſtood he in a frightful caſe;
And as by chance he ſtirr'd his face,
Full in the mouth a butter'd Place
did hit him.

Away he ſneak, and with his tongue
He lickt and ſwallow'd up the wrong,
And as he went the room along
be-----him.
For help now doth poor *Lockwood* cry,
O bring a Surgeon or I die,
My guts out of my belly fly,
come quickly.
Blaney with open mouth likewiſe
For preſent help of Surgeon cries;
Pitty a man, quoth he, that lies
ſo ſickly
Phillips the skilful Surgeon then,
Was call'd, and call'd, and call'd agen
If he had skil to cure theſe men,
to ſhew it.
At length he comes, and firſt he puts
His hands to feel for *Lockwoods* guts;
Which came not forth ſo ſweet as nuts,
all know it:
He cries for water; in the mean
One calls up *Madg* the *Kitchen-quean*,
To take and make the Baby clean,
and clout it,
Faſt by the noſe ſhe took the ſquall,
And led them ſoftly through the Hall,
Leſt the perfume through knees ſhould *fall*
about it.

She

She turn'd his hoſe beneath the knee,
Nor could ſhe chuſe but laugh to ſee
That yellow which was wont to be
a white breech.
She took a diſh-clout off the ſhelf,
And with it wip'd the ſh——Elf,
Which had not wit to help it ſelf,
poor——breech.
Thus leaving *Lockwood all* bewraid
Unto the mercy of the maid,
Who *well* deſerved to be paid
for taking
Such homely pains: now let us caſt
Our thoughts back on the ſtir that's paſt,
And them whoſe bones could not in haſte
leave aking
And like the candles, *ſhall* my pen
Shew you theſe *Gallants* once agen,
Which now *like Furies*, not *like Men*
appeared
Freſh lights being brought t'appeaſe the (*brall*,
Shew twenty mad-men in the *Hall*
With blood and ſauce their faces *all*
beſmeared
Their *cloths* rent, and ſouc'd in drink,
Oyl, *Muſtard*, *Butter*, and the ſtink
Which *Lockwood* left, *would* make one think
in ſadneſs
That

That these so monstrous creatures dwell
Either in *Bedlam* or in *Hell*,
Or that no tongue or pen can tell
their madness.
They were indeed disfigur'd so,
Friend knew not friend, nor foe his foe;
For each man scarce himself did know:
but after
A frantick staring round about,
They suddenly did quit their doubt,
And loudly all at once brake out
in laughter.
The heat of all now is allaid,
The Keepers gently do perswade;
And (as before) all friends are made
full kindly.
Ellis the Captain doth imbrace,
The Captain doth return the grace,
And so do all men in the place
as friendly.
By *Jove* I love thee, *Ellis* cry'd;
The Captain soon as much reply'd:
Thou art, quoth he, a man well try'd,
and *Vulcan*
With *Mars* at odds again shall be
Ere any jars 'twixt me and thee;
And thereupon I drink to thee
a full can.

And then he kneel'd upon the ground:
Drink't off (quoth *Ellis*) for this round
For ever ſhall be held renown'd,
and never
May any quarrel 'twixt us twain
Ariſe, or this renew again,
But may we loving friends remain
for ever.
Amen, cry'd th' *Captain*, and ſo did all,
And ſo the Health went round the Hall;
And thus the famous *Counter-Braul*
was ended.
But hunger now did vex them more
Than all their anger did before;
They ſearcht i'th'room how far their ſtore
extended.
They want the Meat which *Blany* ſtole;
One finds a *Herring* in a hole,
With durt and duſt black as a coal,
and trodden
All under feet. The next in poſt,
Snaps up, and feeds on what was loſt,
And looks not whether it were roſt
or ſodden;
A third finds in another place
A piece of *Ling* in dirty caſe,
And muſtard in his fellows face.
Another
Eſpies,

Eſpies, and finds a loaf of bread,
A diſh of butter all beſpread,
*A*nd ſtuck upon anothers head i'th'pother
Thus what they found, contented ſome:
*A*t length the Keeper brings a Broom,
Meaning therewith to cleanſe the room with ſweeping.
But under Table on the ground
Looking to ſweep, by chance he found
Lluelling faining to be ſound-ly ſleeping.
He pull'd him out ſo ſwift by th'heels,
*A*s if his bum had run on wheels,
*A*nd found his pocket ſtufft with Eels: His cod-piece
Did plenty of proviſion bring,
Somewhat it held of ev'ry thing,
Smelts, *Flounders*, *Roches*, and of *Ling* a broad piece.
*A*t this diſcovery each man round
Took equal ſhare of what was found,
Which afterwards they freely drown'd in good drink.
For of good Beer there was good ſtore,
Till all were glad to give it o're;
For each man had enough and more that would drink.

*A*nd

And when they thus had drank and fed,
As if no quarrel had been bred;
They all ſhook hands, and all to bed
did ſhuffle.

Ellis, the glory of the Town,
With that brave Captain of Renown
And thus I end this famous *Coun-*
ter-ſcuffle.

The End of the Counter-Scuffle.

The

THE
Iriſh Entertainment.

FRom *Carrick*, where the Noble *Ormond* met
Kilkenny's ſupreme Councellors to treat
Of *Ireland*'s Peace; after I had let fly
At the lean half-boyl'd freſh-beef Ord'nary
All my own ſhillings, and the truth to tell ye,
One more I borrowed of my friend *Jack Belly*:
'Twas time, I thought, to make a quick departure
With my Comrade, *Ned Griffeth*, to free-quarter.
So calling *Ned*, ſaid I, he that long tarries
In this Town, will not find it like *Beau-Morrice*.
Where, when we wanted 12 *d.* we might dine
Like Dukes, and only cry, *Peg*, this makes nine.
Heres no kind Tap-wife, nor Confiding Cook,
Will let you eat and drink, and ſmoke by th'Book.
A juſt man ſhould we grant you of that ſort
Can't live by Faith here, tho there's Scripture for't.
But when your pocket's empty, faith, Sir, you
Muſt look your belly ſhould even be ſo too.
To the Countrrey then, where we our Genious pamper
With muſtard and ſalt beef, mutton and ſampher.
And yet no Trencher ſhall after a feaſt
Make us repent the fowling of the reſt:
And reaſons there are many do perſwade one,
That by our Landlord we ſhall much be made on.
For my *Lord Preſident* hath wrote a *Letter*
That he ſhould treat us like our ſelves, or better.

And then for certain, he's a man of bounty,
For, hearк, *Ned*, he's High Sheriff of the County.
Beſides, he's of the *Poore's*, and ſo muſt be
By conſequence, of our own *Family*.
They ſay that he keeps dogs too, and will courſe
The Hare moſt fiercely, but the *Fox* much worſe,
And, *Faith*, *Ned* thou'rt a lad whom any right
Good fellow will bid welcome at firſt ſight:
Thy countenance ſo roſie, ſtraight inveagles,
And to ſay truth, we both are pretty-beagles.
This pleas'd *Ned* well, and ſtrait we got two able
Horſes out of my *Lord Lieutenant's* Stable.
And to confine, 'twixt dinner time and ſupper
We march'd vvith our *Portmantues* at our crupper.
When vve came there, vve certain ſtructures ſavv
All perryvvigg'd vvith ruſhes, and with ſtravv.
So even and like, that *Ned* ſvvore by his Maker
Some *Leveller* had been the *Fabricator*:
So that to us 'tvvas not diſtinguiſhable
Which was the Manſion, which the Barn or Stable.
Ned, he alights, and leads (God bleſs us all)
His Horſe into his Worſhip's very Hall;
And looking round about, cries in great anger
This Stable it hath neither rack nor manger.
Peace, *Ned*, quoth I, prethee be not ſo haſty:
This Room's no Stable, tho it be as naſty:
I ſee a Harp, and Chimney, and I dare
Say there was *Fire* in't before the war;
So this is no place for your Horſe you ſee;
'Tis for as very beaſts, I'm ſure, quoth he.
I wiſh'd him be adviſ'd what he ſpake there,
For ſhould ſuch words come to the Sheriffs ear.
'Twas gold to ſilver but he would be at us
Ere we were aware, with a *Poſſe-Comitatus*.
Out *Ned* went laughing; I, as 'tis my faſhion,
Fell ſtrait into a ſerious contemplation:
If the High-Sheriff ſuch a mean dwelling have,
Ohone, *Ohone*, what has his under Knave!

But searching farther, one, whose unsold shooes
Like fetters hung about his feet, came to us;
And for our Horses, said, he'd shew a room,
I ask'd him if he were the Sheriffs Groom?
No, Sir, said he, his first-born, and I can
For need, supply the office of his man.
I cry'd him mercy, wisht him not be croſt,
So off went my hat, off went his almoſt.
He bid us go that houſe, ſo we took
Our way to th'place *Ned* and his Horſe miſtook.
And after we a little there had wander'd,
In came the man which prov'd to be our Landlord;
Who for his face and garb, might pretty well
Paſs *Engliſh* maſter for Head-Conſtable.
I with no ceremony towards him went,
And gave him th'Letter from th'Lord Preſident.
He lookt, and read it, and, for ought I know
We welcome were, but he ne'r told us ſo:
Opening his mouth at length, he ask'd us how
Corn ſold beyond Seas, and if men did plough?
When, and for what occaſion we came o're,
And if we ever had been there before?
I anſwer'd ſo as pleaſed him, I think;
For ſtrait he bid the Butler bring ſome drink:
But ſeeing him in half-pint diſh of wood
Sip like a Maid, thought *I*, this means no good
Companion, or elſe the Beer's but ſmall,
Both which did prove too true, and this is all
My comfort; now *I* hop'd to find good fare,
And then for Table-tipple 'twas moſt rare.
Now for Supper, the round Board being ſpread,
The *Van* a diſh of colle'd Onions led;
I th'body led a ſalted Tail of Samon,
And in the rear ſome rank Potatoes came on.
To comfort *Ned*, ſaid *I*, a ſhort repaſt
Muſt ſerve this *Wedneſday* night, cauſe 'tis a faſt.
But Mr: *Sheriff* the next meal will mend it
To our content; quoth *Ned*, *I* pray God ſend it.

We sate, and soon had made an end of it, *I* trow,
A clean board, if our napkins had been so:
But opening one of them, *I* tell you truth,
My stomach was got full before my mouth.
At length it came into my fancy, that
They might be reliques oyl'd with holy sat;
And that the Apostles when the Paschal Lamb
Was eaten, dipped their fingers on the same.
Our *Landlord* fed well, and seeing us to eat
Nothing, bid us both welcome to his meat.
And having done, he croft himself all o're,
His Supper had so done for us before.
When bed-time came, he bade one with a light
Conduct us where we were to lodge that night.
He had himself gone with us, I dare say,
But that his chamber did not lye that way.
So to a room we came, of which 'tis all,
I thought 'twas correspondent to his Hall.
Quoth *Ned*, I'll not unsheath, tho I am drowsie,
These sheets were us'd before, and may be lowsie.
What then said I, do'st thou not know, thou noddy,
Fresh linnen is not wholsome for the body.
And lice are here no more an infamy
Than red-hair is the Nation's leachery.
So down we fell to sleep, full well inclin'd,
But through the gaping vvall came such a vvind
That from my head my night-cap, this is true,
To the further side of all the Hall it blevv.
And had there been in my fantastick pate
As many *Windmills* as I savv of late
Near *Wexford*, 'tvvould have vvheel'd them all about;
And from my nose e're since, like a still spout,
Such distillation fell, you'd gues by this,
My head were what the Prophet wished his.
Now, cause we could not sleep, vve fell to pray
More than vve us'd, but 'tvvas for nought but day.
By the Lord, quoth *Ned*, the Sun, if he should lap
And lodge like us, at midnight would get up.

And

And I [illegible] sleep more, had I
Instead of [illegible] handsome body.
But there's no [illegible] but has his morn,
And so had this [illegible] had been born
Stark blind [illegible] so glad to see,
No [illegible] quick then we
Leap from his [illegible] dress himself;
So down we went, [illegible] the twelfth.
Then was the Table [illegible] the same
Linnen we saw for [illegible] same;
Platters as formerly [illegible]
Pork, pork, and *pork*; [illegible] sod.
I'le hang for't but he [illegible]
And brought [illegible]
But we fell on with all our [illegible]
Urg'd by two reasons, [illegible]
His napkins fatness, [illegible]
Nor want of salt, [illegible]
Nor [illegible]
Save him [illegible]
Devouring [illegible]
Some better meat, in hope [illegible] eat the [illegible]
And so live and endure till we be
Released next general Goal-delivery.
Mean time, if any man think I have told
More then the truth, let him come and behold;
And finding it not thus, I shall desire
To be thought what I would, I were, a lyer.
And let that man that shall [illegible] my rimes,
Know that I have made better twenty times.
Nor was my *Muse* in fault now, but the liquor,
Had the Ale been stronger, th'wit had been much quicker
Who drinks the same, I'le hold my Ink and pen on't;
[illegible] write as bad; God blest my *Lord Lieutenant.*

F I N I S.

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And I should tumble sirs, and sleep more, had I
Instead of thee, dear *Ned*, some handsome body.
But there's no night so long but has his morn,
And so had this, which if we had been born
Stark blind, we had not been so glad to see,
No alarm'd Soldier could more quick then we
Leap from his bed, and sooner dress himself;
So down we went, and plaid till hour the twelfth.
Then was the Table cover'd, but the same
Linnen we saw for Fish and Flesh-meat came:
Platters as formerly were brought in odd.
Pork, *pork*, and *pork*; two boyl'd the other sod.
I'le hang for't but he thought us *Scots* or *Jews*,
And brought for's not to *eat*, but to *refuse*.
But we fell on with all our main and might,
Vrg'd by two reasons, hunger and despite.
His napkins fatness, leanness of his meat,
Nor want of salt, could hinder us to eat.
Nor henceforth shall his Eues and Embers too
Save him ought, for at one meal we'l eat two.
Devouring Swines-flesh so, that he shall dress
Some better meat, in hopes we'le eat the less:
And so live and endure till we be
Released next general Goal-delivery.
Mean time, if any man think I have told
More then the truth, let him come and behold;
And finding it not thus, I shall desire
To be thought what I would, I were, a lyer.
And let that man that shall dislike my rimes,
Know that I have made better twenty times.
Nor was my *Muse* in fault now, but the liquor,
Had the Ale been stronger, th'wit had been much quicker.
Who drinks the same, I'le hold my Ink and pen on't,
He'le write as bad; God bless my *Lord Lieutenant*.

FINIS.

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